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FOR renovating the entire system, eliminating all Poisons from the Blood, whether of scrofulous or malarial origin, this preparation has no equal.

"For eighteen months I had an eating sore on my tongue. I was treated by best local physicians, but obtained no relief; the sore gradually grew worse. I finally took S. S. S., and was entirely cured after using a few bottles."

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I have been a sufferer from tumors and sores. My employer recommended me to try the "A. B. C. Alternative."

I did so, and have been entirely restored. I believe it to be an Absolute Blood Purifier. Graciously prompt this testimonial.

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For years I have been a sufferer from lung trouble. Having heard of A. B. C. Tonic I concluded to try it. It proved very beneficial; my cough has left me; my appetite is good; I am gaining flesh and strength.

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A. B. C. Tonic & Expectorant completely cured me of Hemorrhage from the lungs followed by a hacking cough.

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**Burdock BLOOD BITTERS**

hey have done for me. I have been robbed with dyspepsia for years. I commenced the use of your Burdock Blood Bitters and they have brought me out all right. The use of three bottles conferred the great benefit, for which I feel profoundly grateful. I will never be without it.

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**THE USE OF COSMETICS.**

From a Lecture by J. H. Kellogg, M. D., of Battle Creek Sanitarium.

Cosmetics are more extensively used among Americans than among any other class of women, and this prevailing custom of using powders and lotions for the face is partly due to false ideas of what constitute a beautiful complexion. The rich, dark complexion of the brunette is just as beautiful as the delicate pink and white of the blond, provided it is healthy and clear. The average user of cosmetics does it to cover up dinginess and blotches which she has reason to be ashamed of, since she is responsible. The skin is one of the excretory organs of the body and carries off from one and a half to two pints of waste material every twenty-four hours. Brain work and muscle work are all the time breaking down tissues and creating poisons which would be fatal if retained within the body, so closely is activity allied with death. If the action of any one of the five great depurating organs is interfered with or injured, the remaining ones tax themselves to the utmost to do the extra work of eliminating these poisons. It is plain then that the health and beauty of the skin must depend upon the activity and integrity of the other excretory organs. The skin is naturally semi-transparent as is all living tissue, but it becomes dull and opaque when other work than its own is forced upon it. The appearance of the skin may be taken as a good index of the condition of the rest of the body. When a part of the work of the liver is forced upon it, it is unable to make all the changes necessary to elimination and so particles of organic dirt are deposited and the skin loses its brilliancy. The same when the bowels are lax about doing their share of the work or if the lungs are so cramped for room as to do imperfect work.

The majority of women lead more or less sedentary lives. They may work themselves nearly to death in society matters, but that is not the kind of activity which is conducive to health. In consequence their lives stagnate, they do not breathe half enough and the skin becomes saturated with dead, inert matter and is not very pleasant to look upon, so perhaps it is not any wonder that they seek to hide its real appearance by means of cosmetics. Brisk exercise in the open air means the taking in of large supplies of oxygen with its cleansing, vivifying powers, giving a sparkle to the eye and a tint to the complexion which works a powerful transformation in appearance. It is exactly like letting a strong current of fresh air sweep through an unventilated, musty apartment. Ladies, go out of doors as much as possible and let the breezes of heaven sweep in fresh, life-giving currents through every artery, vein and capillary that it may burn up the accumulating poisons. Then you will have less excuse for using cosmetics.

A strong reason why American women do not walk more is that they deliberately cripple and abuse the muscles of their bodies and cramp the action of lungs, liver, stomach and kidneys by their manner of dress. Tell a woman to take a deep breath and a palpitation of the chest and a raising of the shoulders is the only apology for breathing which she can manifest. Ask a man to take a deep breath and immediately his ribs swell out just as the ribs of a dog or any lower animal does in breathing. All uncivilized women breathe naturally, using the diaphragm which was placed in the lower expandible part of the chest for that very purpose. But the civilized woman deliberately ties up this flexible portion of her body with bands of steel and whalebone so that natural breathing is utterly impossible. A woman's dress should be just as loose as a man's. Some who think they are not lacing and have, perhaps, laid aside their corsets, have the hands to their heavy, dragging skirts so tight as to cut off a portion of the necessary air supply. It is the same as though a constriction were placed about the neck, not tight enough to produce death, but so as to make the breathing laborious and insufficient.

A liver which is in a vice can not do good work, and I have often found livers not only crowded out of place, but deeply creased with the pressure of the ribs. Compressions which affect the liver, affect the stomach and bowels also, and no wonder with imperfect nutrition and depuration, the skin becomes dingy and muddy, and the poor woman feels that she needs something to cover it up. But cosmetics do not produce a healthy skin. One which is doctored is patent to all observers, nobody being deceived but the victim, and she is ready enough to detect any one else. Health is generally beauty. A healthy skin has a natural brilliancy which is pleasant to look upon. I have seen peasant girls in Germany and Italy who worked out of doors and were exposed to various hardships, and yet those complexions would have been the envy of any American belle in richness and delicacy of tint.

**In Due and Ancient Form.**

I heard a pretty good story about a certain ignorant justice who does business up in Fulton County. This justice was selected over an able but very popular lawyer, and his first case was that of a prisoner charged with violating the fishery law. The complaint and warrant were defective, and this the defendant's lawyer took exception to in a masterly argument, winding up by moving the prisoner's discharge. "Is the motion seconded?" replied the justice. "It is," replied the prisoner. "Gentlemen," continued the justice, "It is regularly moved and seconded that the prisoner be discharged. All those in favor of the motion say aye." "Aye," came from the prisoner and his counsel. "Opposed, no." Silence followed, and after a short pause the scalesholder said: "The motion is carried, and the prisoner is discharged," whereupon, to the surprise and amusement of all, court was declared adjourned.—Amsterdam (N. Y.) Democrat.

—Cranberry picking has become so much an established industry among the Cape Cod children that it is proposed to arrange the school terms so that there will be no session during the cranberry season.

**HOW MONEY IS MADE.**

Description of the Process of Printing Uncle Sam's Notes.

The pressman rubs the plate first with a roller saturated with ink. Then he rubs off all the superfluous ink with a rag, and finally he polishes the plate with his bare and inky hand. When it has been thus made ready he places the plate under a roller, lays a sheet of fresh paper upon it, gives a twist to a big iron wheel that communicates the hand power, and plate and paper pass under the roller, the sheet coming out with the faces of four perfect notes printed on it. Four notes are engraved on each plate, you see. As fast as the sheets are printed they are laid neatly in a pile by the young woman assistant, who puts a sheet of brown paper between each two sheets to keep them from rubbing. This same performance is going on at more than two hundred hand presses in the big room. Revenue and custom stamps for cigars, liquors and all things are printed by some of the presses on bluish green paper, but in money, notes and certificates alone an average of one and a half millions of dollars is printed in this room daily. All of Uncle Sam's paper cash is manufactured there. The printers have to be such skilled men that they are paid from \$6 to \$8 per day by the piece system. After being printed on one side the sheets are printed in like manner on the other, though not by the same men. For safety's sake no one person is allowed to make a note entirely, and by this and other checks stealing is rendered impossible.

The sheets thus completed are taken to an office off the big room, counted and put into wooden lock boxes on little trucks. Then the boxes are wheeled upon an elevator and conveyed by it to the examining room below. In the examining room they are taken out and counted by women. If their account tallies with the account above stairs the sheets are laid across racks arranged in such a manner, stack shape, that dozens of layers of them can be placed one on top of the other. The rack stacks are piled upon trucks, which run by a small railway across the floor into an oven bigger than an ordinary sized room, built of iron and heated by steam pipes. There the sheets are left until they are dry, when they are taken out and again examined, all defective ones being thrown aside and charged up to the boss of the printing department. He is allowed a percentage of 2 percent of spoilage, but if he exceeds that he must pay for the labor lost. Next the sheets are placed between oiled pasteboards and put on an hydraulic press, which subjects them to a pressure of 8,500 pounds to the square inch. This makes them smooth. After this they go to another room, where the sheets are clipped and the notes numbered by machines. Finally they are counted again and deposited in the great vault, which has sometimes had in it as much as \$400,000,000.—Washington Star.

**COLD HUMAN NATURE.**

How an Ice Wagon Driver Lost His Faith in Manhood.

"You newspaper fellows talk about the hind platform of a street car being a great place to study human nature, said the driver of an ice wagon, as he got a moment to spare, 'but it don't begin to compare with that seat up there.'"

"One wouldn't suppose you saw much of it as you deal mostly with back gates."

"It isn't so much the quantity as the quality. I see enough of it every day to satisfy me that four families out of five give the truth the cold shake when dealing with an ice company. I just caught a man the other day at a trick no professional thief would play."

"Let's hear about it."

"Well, he's one of my earliest customers. I get along to him about six o'clock in the morning, and I leave the ice in a shady angle of his back gate. About two weeks ago he complained of a shortage and next morning I picked out the biggest piece in sight. There was another complaint, and I was overhauled at the office. Then I took along a pair of scales and gave him five pounds over; but a third complaint came in. This time I took a witness, weighed the ice, put down the weight in black and white, and yet he sent a note to the office saying he was short on weight. 'This time I took a man to drive the wagon and a second as witness, and after the ice was delivered we hid in a doorway to watch. In about ten minutes the old chap comes out, looks all around, and then with pick and hammer splits off about five pounds and carries it in. Five minutes later the cook comes out with the tongs after the lump, and that same forenoon we got another complaint of shortage. He was sent for, and the roasting he got will last him till snow flies. Human nature! Why, sir, when a man worth a hundred thousand dollars will lie you out of a dime's worth of ice, you can bet you are seeing something of that side always hidden to the car conductor."—N. Y. Sun.

**Clinometer or Plumb-Level.**

A new plumb-level has been put upon the market which appears to be a most handy and valuable little instrument. It is a thoroughly practical device for leveling, plumbing and striking angles, elevations and grades, and, while being exceedingly simple, is admirably accurate. It is described as being especially adapted to the use of carpenters, machinists, stationary, civil and mining engineers, and bridge builders, as well as for the ditching and draining of farm lands, landscape gardening, etc. This device should be acceptable to track-layers and roadmasters, as by its use grades and curves can be tested without the assistance of a civil engineer, and it is claimed that it is much more reliable than the spirit-level.—Chicago Tribune.

—Prof. Samuel G. Dixon, to whom is due great credit for inaugurating the movement to prohibit spitting in the street cars, further calls attention to the objectionable nature of push as a covering for car seats. Plush retains dust and disease germs. Leather is too best material for upholstery.

**SIGNS IN THE DUST.**

How the Driver of a Sprinkler Advertises the House of a Stingy Man.

"That was well done," remarked a Free Press reporter to the driver of a street-sprinkler who had left a dry spot in front of a thirty-foot lot so well defined that it stood out against the wet street like a boil on a man's nose.

"Yes, I think I have it down pretty fine," remarked the driver, "but I've had two months' practice at it. I don't believe I'm onto his line over an inch at either side. Hate to do it though."

"Why?"

"On account of the children. The man is too stingy to pay twenty-five cents per week to sprinkle the street in front of him. He thought we'd sprinkle it free if the rest of his neighbors paid, but we are up to all those tricks. But his children are not to blame, you know!"

"Of course not."

"They realize that this dry spot is a sign-board to the public and reads: 'Here lives a mean man.' People stop and look at it as they pass, and it is pointed out by those riding on the cars. He has four children, and not one of them is over seen in the front yard. They are afraid of public ridicule."

"Must be a curious man that?"

"Not curious, but mean—just downright mean and stingy. If he was poor or unfortunate I'd feel ashamed to leave the sign-board, but as it is, I take particular pains to let the public get on to him. Now, watch me as I turn. See that? I stop dead on the line, shut her off tight, and begin at the other line. You can't find five drops of water on his whole front. There's the children looking out of the windows, and I can't help but feel sorry for 'em, but business is business, and we've got to live the same as other folks."—Detroit Free Press.

**The Candid Lover.**

"Henrietta," cried George, passionately, "I love you! I love you with all the ardor of a fresh young heart! You are, and always have been, the most cherished object of my affection."

"Oh, George!"

"There is nothing in this wide, wide world I would not do for you, my sweet, sweet heart."

"Darling George!"

"To the end of time, sweet maiden, I'll be yours."

"Precious, precious George!"

"But, dearest, I can not marry you."

"George!"

"No. Impossible!"

"And why, O cruel one?"

"I don't think you've got money enough to support me in the style to which I aspire."—Harper's Bazar.

**Excessive Enterprise.**

"There is such a thing as being too enterprising!" said the young dentist, gloomily.

"How so?" asked a friend.

"Well, you see, I hired a nigger with a strong voice and no conscience to speak of to yell in my office, expecting it would make people believe that I was doing a rushing business and so attract custom."

"Good scheme! How did it work?"

"Work? It over worked! The con-founded nigger yelled so loud and agonizedly that would-be patrons rushed to the studio of my rival."—Munsey's Weekly.

**Wanted Things Brought to a Climax.**

Have you been reading the serial. The Scout of the Sierras that is running in my paper?

Yes, I am very much interested in it. Who is the author?

I am the author.

You are, eh? Well, I want to tell you right now that unless the hard-hearted adventurer comes to grief and the brave scout rescues and marries the captive maiden pretty soon, I'll stop my paper.—Texas Siftings.

**The Plan Had Its Good Points.**

"Papa," said a beautiful young girl, "young Mr. Thistle has written me a note in which he asks me to be his wife."

"Written you a note? Why didn't he come himself?"

"It would have been pleasanter that way, no doubt, papa; but I suppose he feels a little timid, and, besides, papa, think how much more binding the note is."—Moonshine.

**Cruel Revenge.**

Robinson: That was a scandalous affair that Jones tried to mix you up in, Smith.

Smith: Yes but I got even with him Saturday night.

Robinson: How?

Smith: He was in the barber shop, and his turn came after mine. I had a haircut, shave, and a shampoo.—The Jury.

**The Quarrel.**

She—You are exceedingly rude tonight. Why did you send up word you wanted to see me if you were going to act like this?

He—Pardon me, I did not. I can not tell a lie, even to a servant. I only asked if you were home.—West Shore.

**He Was Engaged at Once.**

Secret Service Official.—This special mission requires a man of the utmost delicacy, tact and diplomacy. What credentials have you?

Applicant.—I've just been umpirin' a baby-show.—Judge.

**Experimentin' Doct.**

"What was it the aeronaut said when he fell out of his balloon, and struck the earth with the usual dull thud?"

"He remarked that this was a hard world."—N. Y. Sun.

—The Hastings mill, at Victoria, recently shipped three pieces of square timber, each of which was sixty feet long by three feet square. Each stick contained 6,480 feet, board measure, and weighed from twelve to thirteen tons. The three pieces were loaded on two flat cars coupled together, the sticks lying on four bolsters, two on each car—those on the extreme end being fixed on a swivel and the center ones sliding, so that there would be no trouble in going round sharp curves. The timbers were consigned to Montreal, where they will be utilized as anchors for a large dredge.

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The largest mines, the richest lands, the finest timber surrounds Ivanhoe. The No. 1 furnace of the New River Mineral Company now in successful operation.

## Large Foundry, Machine Shops and Stove Works

Under construction. Free sites and liberal inducements to manufacturers. Immense limestone and iron and zinc mines are being worked or developed within the town. Important industries secured, and negotiations pending for others.

A railroad junction in the heart of the greatest iron region in the United States. The only town on this great Southern connection of the Norfolk and Western system.

The world famous limonite and mountain ores of the Cripple Creek Valley and the celebrated Gossan and magnetic ores of Carroll county are within minimum haul of Ivanhoe. In direct communication with the Pocahontas coal and coke fields. Being 2,000 feet above the sea the climate is unsurpassed by the celebrated mountain resorts of the world. Vast tracts of Virgin forests close to hand that can be floated down to Ivanhoe.

Magnificent hotel, stores and dwellings under contract. The cheapest and best lots in the South.

The Ivanhoe Land and Improvement Company are now receiving applications for lots. Only those lots that have two or more applicants will be offered at auction.

## GREAT SALE OCTOBER 15, 1890.

A grand chance for investment. Maps, price lists, plans, plats, etc., sent on application. Railroad fares from points within the State to Ivanhoe will be refunded to those buying lots.

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